



A NEW SONG ON **THE CENSUS**

Oh, pay attention old and young,
And I will not detain you long,
I am going to sing a comic song,
It's all about the Census.
According to the Government plan
Every woman, child, and man,
That slept in your house on Sunday
night,
No matter whether black or white,
Old or young blind or lame,
Wise or crazy, all the same,
On the 3rd of April what a game
They had to be put in the Census.

Every one on Sunday night,
Wise and witty, wrong or right,
Brown and yellow, black and white,
They had to be put in the Census.

You'd to give your christian and sir-
name,
Where you were born. and from whence
you came,
And if blind, deaf, dumb, or lame
It had to be put in the Census.
Your rank, profession, and what you do
Whether you're married or single to,
If you didn't put these particulars down
You were under the penalty of £5.
If a widow or widower you had to say,
And give your age from last birthday,
And if girls are courting in any way
It had to be put in the Census.

There's one old cove named Billy
Brown,
When the Census paper was brought
round,
Says he by George I must put down
All my family in the Census.
He put down himself, his wife, then he,

Began to describe his family,
There was Michael Murphy, Dan and
Pat,
Three hens, a cock, a dog and a cat,
Will sleep in the house on Sunday night
If everything goes well and right,
But the bugs and fleas who nip and bite
They ought to be put in the Census.

In ——— street, there's an old dame,
From the Hickney, Hockney Island
she came,
And she has got the funniest name
That will be in the Census.
It takes 90 letters her name to spell,
And how to pronounce it old Nick
can't tell,
She was left a widow in Sixty one,
With twelve young daughters and a
darling son,
Two's in France, and two's in Spain,
Three's troubled with water on the
brain,
Four's in Walton gaol, and three insane
What a jolly lot for the Census.

There's one old woman named Betty
Bright,
She didn't understand it right,
She filled up her form on Thursday
night,
And put this into the Census.
At Bullock's Smithy I was born,
At five o'clock one bright May morn,
Last birthday I was just three score,
And children I've had twenty four,
Fifteen are living nine is dead,
Twelve are single, three is wed,
And two on Thursday got there bed,
Just in time for the Census.